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A COUNTRY BURIAL.

[Ruth Huntington Sessions.]

The farmhouse, gambrel-roofed, gray and still,
With its guarding maples, crowns the hill.
Under the shade in the farmyard wide,
A row of horses standing tied,
A group on the porch by the open door,
A coffin carried the threshold o'er.

An old man, grizzled, spare and bowed,
Walks through the little curious crowd
Of Sunday-garbed neighbors, shy and slow,
Gathered from hayfield and harvest row
To see her pass, after forty years,
From the scene of her household hopes and fears.

Her "boys"—bronzed farmers—as next of kin,
Bear the still burden, lift it in
To place; one daughter, not long a bride,
Stands with white face at her husband's side.
Someone brings out from a darkened room
A wreath of sunny-hued garden bloom.

The parson's chaise leads, down the road,
The one-horse hearse with its silent load,
The stiff, sad mourners, their borrowed black
Powdered with dust from the dronght-parched track,
A train of wagons that creak and swing,
In decorous order following.

There on the plain in pitiless light,
A cluster of headstones blank and white,
A pile of fresh earth, cool and brown,
A gray-haired sexton, his spade laid down,
Waiting their coming. Does no one know
That he loved her fifty years ago?

Behind a bend of the river blue,
A curl of smoke where a train dashed through,
A dark, stern mountain, a pile of cloud,
A locust humming long and loud—
Hints of earth's ceaseless growth and strife,
Ignored, forgotten, this ended life.

"Beyond the river," the choir chant;
"Dust to dust"—is it empty cant
That the parson reads? What man will say?
The hard earth rattles, they turn away;
A few spent sobs from the friends bereaved,
The neighbors satisfied, half relieved.

The sun sinks deep in a rose-flushed west,
The cloud-pile loses its purple crest,
The dew chill rises, the frogs croon low,
From farmhouse windows the lamp-lights glow
To cheer the living. The dead left lone
To molder? Nay, by the Risen One!

A worm crawls out from an upturned sod,
A white moth flutters above a clod,
A passing breeze on the new mound flings
A maple seed, with translucent wings.
So nature offers her comfort dumb,
In small, sure pledges of life to come.

That Power which opened the rock-sealed cave,
Yet parts the threads of a crysalis' grave,
Rocked with an earthquake Calvary's cross,
Lifts deathless love over mortal loss,
Shows stars their courses, sets atoms free,
Shall guard this sleeper eternally.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

[From Dickens' "Reprinted Pieces."]

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. Those two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky: they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, supposing all the children upon the earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gamble down the hill-sides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all the night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear, shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so very weak that she could not longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice would say, "God bless my brother and the star!

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and he dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train, of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All those angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had laid upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining in the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star, too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the open star, and of the company of angels, and train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one but another.

As the child beheld his brother's angel in his arms, he cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the stars, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O mother, sister and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by his fireside, heavy with grief and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

,'Is my brother come?"

And he said, Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her. God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the thild came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing around, he cried, as he had cried so long ago:

"I see the star!"

They whispered to one another. "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And O, my father, now I would thank Thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

The philosopher Socrates, who had a vixen of a wife, being asked whether it was better to marry or not, replied, "whichever you do you will repent it."

ONE OF MANY.

MOTAT.

MANY are the sad stories told of the horrors of the dark days when Cuba was fighting for her liberty. Here is one related to me by my faithful guide, Guillermo, as we rode leisurely along the trail, that deflecting from the valley of the San Juan river, led northward into the mountains, one bright afternoon, with the sun beating down upon us as though it had a contract to roast us for supper. The wealth of tropical beauty which enveloped valley and mountain was surpassing in its loveliness as it unfolded to our view at every turn, and I had indicated to my guide that I preferred to enjoy it in silence, but as we passed a beautiful palm grove immediately to our left where the skeleton remains of three or four rude wickiups were still visible, Guillermo, or in plain English, William, ventured the remark, "This was the Cuban camp in which Manuel Bastida was tried for killing a caballo," (horse.)

"Tell me about it."

"It is not much of a story. There are many others very like it. Bastida lived about two leagues from here—he and his wife and little six-year-old boy. He was an honest man and harmless, and he was very poor, though before the war, which made us all poor, he had a very pleasant little home, around which the oranges and the plantains grew, and in his garden were lettuce and sweet potatoes and many fruits. But the soldiers took them and the garden became barren, and in the house there was nothing to eat. Hunger entered the door, and his wife grew ill for want of food, and his little boy, the little Carlos, once healthy and handsome, became a shadow. His little arms were not larger than my fingers and he could no longer walk, but lay upon his poor little bed calling, calling always to his mother: "Mama, mi deseo pan y cafe"—(mama, me want bread and coffee.) The mother was too weak to leave her bed, and the father had nothing to give his dying child. At last, made desperate by the pitiful appeals of the poor little fellow whose cries for bread were growing weaker and fainter, the father went forth and killed a pony, the only living thing he could find, and brought as much of the flesh home as he could carry, in his weak condition. He quickly cooked it and gave to his wife and child, and they blessed him. That night a detail of soldiers came and arrested him and took him away to the camp we have just passed. The commanding general had issued a strict order directing that any person guilty of killing a horse should be shot. Horses were scarce, and they were needed for the soldiers. Manuel acknowledged his guilt and begged to be shot, saying: "Kill me! If I am spared I will live only to see my wife and child die of starvation without being able to relieve their suffering. If I am shot I will be free from my sorrows, and my loved ones will soon follow me. I desire to live no longer. Kill me, senors; I am guilty; kill me quick!"

"And did they?"

"The orders were very strict, sir. He was ordered shot at sunrise. He is buried just over there. I will show you the graves of his wife and child farther up the valley."

Immoderate Words.

Behold, one in the city was to give a great party and many people were to be there, and the reporter was abroad in the land seeking the names of the guests and trying to learn how the house was to be decorated in order that all might appear in the morning and evening papers. And lo, the time arrived for the gathering, and it was not called a party, but it was called a reception. And the people began gathering in the afternoon, and they came in a stream until the evening, and there was talking and laughter, and rich viands were spread, and beautiful garments were worn by the maidens, and all went as merry as a marriage bell.

And behold, one who was listening to the talk, but taking small share in the same, heard a maiden say, "Isn't he just too perfectly lovely for anything;" and the ears were pricked up to see who this wonder might be, but seeing no evidence of perfect masculine loveliness he thought that perhaps he had not heard aright. After a little there broke upon his ear the sound of the same words, only there was a difference evidently in that which was referred to, for the saying was, "Isn't this just too perfectly lovely for anything;" and behold, this time he saw to what reference was made; and lo, it was a cup of chocolate. And he wondered at this thing, when again the sound smote on his ear, and he was perplexed, for this time it had reference to escalloped oysters. And he reasoned with himself and said, what does this language mean?—a perfectly lovely young man, and a perfectly lovely cup of chocolate, and some perfectly lovely escalloped oysters—and he said to himself that he must see these things; but behold, when he looked there was something the matter with his eyes, for perfect loveliness in those things he could in no wise discover.

And he went to another who was standing near by, and who had a reputation for wisdom and of whose clearness of vision there could be no question, and he said to the same, "Point out to me the perfect loveliness in the young man, and in the chocolate, and in the oyster, for strive as I may I cannot see it." And the friend smiled, and just then one was heard to say, "How awfully nice he is;" and another sound reached his ear, "Yes, I am just crazy about him;" and other words came saying, "I just dote on it," and his amazement increased, and he looked helplessly into the eyes of his friend and besought him to tell what these sayings might mean. And his friend smiled with a good-humored smile and said, "I can tell you, but you must tell no one. There is much of show and of display in the city, and those who have nothing real to show must show what will glitter and look as though it be real, else they will be thought not to have things. And there is also much poverty of language among the young men and maidens, and they speak as they do because they have but few words with which to express their ideas, and they make up in extravagant display what they lack, and so they make a word do duty in many ways and compel it to act in strange capacities. And the one who had asked said, "It must be so; they do not mean that these things are perfectly lovely, only that they are pleasing to them, but having no words that are fitting they must make shift to use what they have." And sadness came into his heart and he said to himself, "A language with a hundred thousand words in it, and they are unable to buy a dictionary and learn these words; poor things, I feel so sorry for them; I shall give a dictionary party and present to each one who comes, as a souvenir, a collection of words with which to express themselves, for I am moved with pity for these poor beings."

NOTHING TO WEAR.

[By A Mean Man.]

Nothin' to wear, my darter, nothin' at all to wear?
Well, why in all tarnation should ever you stop to care?
Ef you go to the ball at Bugly's and wanter appear in style,
I swan you don't need nothin' exceptin' a sassy smile.

When I was young an' skittish, an' danced the "Weevilly Wheat,"
The gals they wore their dresses clean down from chin to feet:
But times hev changed a'mighty, an' gals must now go bare,
So why this durn complainin, because you've nothin' to wear?

Yer old dad's jist a hayseed, with whiskers two feet long,
But bet yer seed pertaters he knows what's right and wrong:
I ain't a-going to settle no foolish bills fer clo's
When the style is dead agin 'em—an' what I chirrup goes!

An', anyhow, goldarn it, 'taint more than three three month's sense
I give yer cash fer dresses—think 'tas 50 cents:
Extravagance is sinful, an', durn me, I don't care
Ef ye've nothin' to wear my daiter, nothin' at all to wear.

What "Wife" Means.

Says Ruskin: "What do you think the beautiful word 'wife' comes from?" It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that of femme. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be house-wives or house-moths, remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her—better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless. This, I believe, is the woman's true place and power."

The Congress of Women convened at Birmingham, Ala., this week.

AT CHAUTAUQUA.

AFTER weeks of intense heat, drought and dust, it was our good fortune to be carried through the beautiful State of Ohio, smiling like a garden, to that now historic place known as the Chautauqua assembly grounds. We reached the little city of Jamestown, which lies on the southern borders of Lake Chautauqua and spent the night there, waiting for the boats that ply between that place and the Assembly grounds every two hours in the day. The day was bright and the air perfect; the little lake set like a beautiful gem in the land which slopes down on all sides to meet the water's edge, danced in the sunlight. There are numerous beautiful summer resorts where the boats touch, and many summer homes owned by wealthy New Yorkers. Celeron, in close touch with Jamestown and connected by trolley, is quite a resort on summer openings, there being a theater, a zoological garden on a small scale, a shoot-the-chute that carries the rider out into the lake and suddenly sinks, leaving him to scramble back to land as best he can. To us it seemed rather dear fun, as in order to ride down again it was necessary to mount innumerable stairs, dragging the car up the steep incline, and then the ride was so short and so soon over. It reminded us very forcibly of the Chinaman's description of the toboggan, "'Tsit—walkee two mile backee."

The little steamers are very pleasant and often the trip on the lake is enlivened by an Italian band that produces such music as is born only in the Italian soul, mingled with the strains of "She was bred in old Kentucky" and other Southern airs. These last, by the way, were immensely popular, even as far north as Canada, and cake-walks were also quite the rage.

The approach to Chautauqua is enchanting. It lies along the shores of the lake, embowered in trees that come to the water's edge and which seemed to us to enjoy perpetual springtime. The cottages are, many of them, very artistic and beautiful and bear the unmistakable imprint of "home." Indeed an air of perfect comfort and enjoyment pervades Chautauqua. One may do as one pleases, wear what one pleases, and in all things consider his own comfort so long as he does not infringe on the rights of others. Some people lay aside hats on going there, and only don them when they take the steamer or train for home, and no one remarks it or thinks anything about it.

On landing we registered. paid entrance fee and received a card with our names written on it, which we presented to the gate-keeper, wearing the uniform of the officials, who punched it and handed it back. This formality is gone through every time one goes out or comes in the gate.

The grounds are fenced in and there are three or four gates, each guarded by an officer in uniform, whose duty it is to punch these tickets. On Sunday there are no boats or trains, and no one is allowed to leave or enter the grounds except in cases of emergency. This year a special permit was given to Roman Catholics to attend services at Jamestown. This at first would seem a severe restriction, but after one has enjoyed a Chautauqua Sunday he would not change it. The peacefulness and rest are beautiful beyond words. The vesper service at 5 p. m. Sunday is one of the most impressive and beautiful. It always is held in the "Hall in the Grove," an open building modelled after a Greek temple. From there one has a charming view of the lake, kissed by the sunlight, while the fresh green foliage around the hall softens and subdues the light. The sounds of bird-voices come in upon the calm and peace of the scene and add to the harmony. The robins are part owners of Chautauqua, as they are never molested, and being very numerous, add greatly to the charm of the place. From a literary standpoint, of course, Chautauqua is delightful. At every hour in the day there is something instructive and helpful—lectures upon literature, art, music, science, travel and problems of the day. There were many beautifully illustrated lectures upon foreign countries and our own land, Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, Mexico, the Yosemite and Grand Canon of the Colorado. A lecture by Mr. Robinson on the Philippines confirmed us in our anti-expansion ideas. though the general sentiment at Chautauqua was greatly in favor of it. The choir is a great feature, consisting of from three to six hundred voices beautifully trained by Dr. Palmer, who is remarkable for never losing his temper and for drawing out the love and best qualities of his pupils. There were many fine concerts, participated in by the grand chorus, a finely trained orchestra, noted singers, and such well known instrumentalists as Sherwood and Marconi. It was gratifying to our Southern and State pride to note that the most cordial applause we heard was given repeatedly to a singer from Memphis, Mr. Williams.

Chautauqua is a little city complete in itself, having its own administrative body, police, its department of public comfort, transfer company, electric light plant, telephone system, sewerage converter and waterworks. The streets are beautifully laid off, many of them with cinderlithic pavements, and are marvels of cleanliness and comfort. The trees, many of them the remains of the original forest, are one of the chief beauties of the place, and the shade is so perfect that it is a usual thing to see men, women and children going about their affairs bare-headed.

In trying to sum up my impressions of Chautauqua the word that constantly comes to my mind is "rational." There is some enjoyment for each hour of the day, and always of an elevating and helpful character. One could not live in such a mental and moral atmosphere and not be helped. One of the most beautiful sights there is the number of old people, who seem never to have grown old. It is the haven of rest for people who are on the sunset side of the hill of life, and the sunshine seems to linger lovingly on them. For the little ones it is a paradise where sand-piles thoughtfully shaded by awnings are dotted around in convenient places; where there is reading, bathing, sailing, fishing, with no element of danger to disturb the maternal mind; clubs for boys, in which they may learn wheeling, rowing, ball and everything that makes a boy's life worth living; places where the little mothers may learn to make clothes for "dolly;" kindergarten where they build houses, freeze real ice cream and enjoy themselves to the fullest extent; a bicycle club in which those addicted to the wheel can show their proficiency, or the lack of it. Those of a domestic turn can learn how to make pies, pastries, omelettes and things, the bare mention of which are delightful, at the rate of fifty cents per lesson. On various corners, in different parts of the grounds, one comes upon stands where candies and soft drinks are dispensed. The booth for Indian basket-work is in evidence also, and it is indeed wonderful how many interests are considered by the management. These privileges are, of course, let, and the proceeds are devoted to the general fund, which is expended in improvements and the running expenses, which are necessarily heavy.

In the tower of the pier house hangs a chime of bells. Every hour a bell rings, and all is activity on the streets; teachers and students hurrying to classes and lectures, others to the amphitheater or to their several occupations. At 10 p. m. the curfew sounds, the chimes ringing some sweet air pleasant to the ear and soothing to the heart and mind. After this time every one is expected to be quiet. Of course one may sit up as late as desired, but any undue noise will bring in the policeman, who I suppose would have a quieting influence, though he was quite a mild looking man, running much to side-whiskers, which were rather overdone, and did not add to his awe-inspiring appearance.

One sees many strange phases of life. For instance, our head-waiter was an actor, who frankly confessed he was there for the money in it. Bishop Galloway said that the bell-boy who answered his ring, came in and said, "Bishop, I want to shake hands with you; I have read your latest book." This was a college student earning his way. All honor to these young men and women who are willing to work for an education!

To fully appreciate Chautauqua and the great work done there one must visit it in person. The attendance was unusually large this year, and many Southern people were among the visitors. This fact will doubtless be another tie to unite a great and patriotic people, whose difference has been the result of not knowing and understanding each other. ANNIE H. ROSS.

Aristotle is credited with saying that personal beauty is a better introduction than any letter; but others say that it was Diogones who gave this description of it, while Aristotle called beauty "the gift of God;" that Socrates called it "a short-lived tyranny;" Theophrastus, "a silent deceit;" Theocritus, "an ivory mischief;" Carneades, "a sovereignty which needs no guards."